

HERO AND LEANDER:

Begunne by *Christopher Marlowe*
and finished by *George Chapman*.

Ut Nectar, Ingenium.



At London

Imprinted for *John Flasket*, and are to be
sold in *Paules Church-yard*, at the signe
of the blacke Beare.

1606.

THE LEADER

Printed by J. W. Smith
and Published by George...



Printed for J. W. Smith, and are to be
sold at the Auction and at the sale
of the Black Horse
1806



To the Right Worshipfull, Sir Thomas VValsingham, Knight.

SIr, we thinke not our selues discharged of the duty we owe to our friend, when we haue brought the breathles bodie to the earth: for albeit the rie there taketh his euer farwell of that beloued obiect, yet the impression of the man, that hath been deare vnto vs, liuing an after life in our memorie, there putteth vs in minde of farther obsequies due vnto the deceased. And namely of the performance of what soeuer we may iudge shall make to his liuing credit, and to the affecting of his determinations preuented by the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intellectuall will) I suppose my selfe executor to the vnhappie deceased author of this Poem, vpon whom knowing that in his life time you bestowed many kind fauours, entertaining the partes of reckoning and worth which you found in him, with good countenance and liberall affection: I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that what soeuer issue of his braine
A 2 should

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle aire of your liking: for since his selfe had been accustomed thereunto, it would proue more agreeable and thriving to his right children, than any other foster countenance whatsoeuer. At this time seeing that this vnfinished Tragedy happens vnder my hands to be imprinted; of a double duty, the one to your selfe, the other to the deceased, I present the same to your most fauourable allowance, offering my utmost selfe now and euer to be readie, at your VVorships disposing:

E. B.



Hero and Leander.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE FIRST SESTYAD.

*Heros discription and her Lones,
The Phane of Venus ; where he mooues
His worthie Loue-suite, and attaines ;
Whose blisse the wrath of Fates restraines,
For Cupids grace to Mercurie,
Which tale the Author doth implie.*



IN Helleffont guiltie of true loues blood,
In view and opposit two cities stood,
Seaborders, disioin'd by *Neptunes* might :
The one *Abydos*, the other *Sestos* hight.
At *Sestos*, *Hero* dwelt ; *Hero* the faire,
Whom young *Appolo* courted for her haire,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
VVhere she should sit for men to gaze vpon.
The outside of her garmentes were of lawne,
The lining, purple silke, with guilte starres drawne,
Her wide sleeues greene, and bordered with a groue,
VVhere *Venus* in her naked glorie stroue,
To please the carelesse and disdainfull cies,
Of proude *Adonis* that before her lies,
Her kirtle blew, whereon was many a staine,
Made with the blood of wretched louers slaine.

Hero and Leander.

Vpon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leaues,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceiues.
Many would praise the sweete smell as she past,
When t'was the odour which her breath forth cast.
And there for honie, Bees haue sought in vaine,
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chaines of peble stone,
Which lightned by her necke, like Diamonds shone.
She ware no gloues, for neither sunne nor winde
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her minde,
Or warme or coole them, for they tooke delite
To play vpon those hands they were so white.
Buskins of shels all siluered, vsed she,
And brancht with blushing corall to the knee;
Where sparrowes pearcht, of hollow pearle and gold,
Such as the world would woonder to behold:
Those with sweete water oft her handmaid filts,
Which as she went would cherupe through the bils.
Some say, for her the fairest *Cupid* pyn'd,
And looking in her face, was stroken blind.
But this is true, so like was one the other,
As he he imagin'd *Hero* was his mother.
And oftentimes into her bosome flew,
About her naked necke his bare armes threw.
And laid his childish head vpon her brest,

And

Hero and Leander.

And with still panting rocke, there tooke his rest.
So louely faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,
As nature wept, thinking she was vndone;
Because she tooke more from her than she left:
And of such wondrous beautie her bereft:
Therefore in signe her treasure suffred wracke,
Since *Heroes* time, hath halfe the world been black.
Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and yoong,
(Whose tragedie diuine *Musaeus* soong)
Dwelt at *Abydus*, since him, dwelt there none,
For whom succeeding times may greater mone.
His dangling tresses that were neuer shorne,
Had they been cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,
Would haue allur'd the vent'rous youth of *Greece*,
To hazard more, than for the golden *Eleece*.
Faie *Cynthia* wisht, his armes might be her spheare,
Greece makes her pale, because she mooues not there.
His bodie was as straight as *Circes* wand,
You might haue sipt out *Nectar* from his hand.
Euen as delicious meate is to the tast,
So was his necke in touching, and surpast
The white of *Pelops* shoulder, I could tell ye,
How smooth his brest was, and how white his bellie,
And whose immortall fingers did imprint,
That heauenly path, with many a curious dint,
That runs along his backe, but my rude pen,
Can hardly blazon forth the loues of men.

Much

Hero and Leander.

Much lesse of powerfull gods, let it suffice,
That my slacke muse, sings of *Leanders* eyes.
Those orient cheekes and lippes, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kis
Of his owne shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enioy the loue of any.
Had wilde *Hippolitus* *Leander* scene,
Enamoured of his beautie had he beene,
His presence made the rudest paissant melt,
That in the vast yplandish countrie dwelt,
The barbarous *Thracian* souldier mou'd with nought,
Was mou'd with him, and for his fauour fought.
Some swore he was a maide in mans attire,
For in his lookes were all that men desire,
A pleasant smiling cheeke, a speaking eye,
A brow for loue to banquet royally,
And such as knew he was a man would say,
Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in loue, and loud of all?
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.

The men of wealthie *Sestos*, euery yeare,
(For his sake whom their goddesse held so deare,
Rose-checkt *Adonis*) kept a solemne feast,
Thither resorted many a wandered guest,
To meet their loues, such as had none at all,
Came louers home, from this great festiuall.
For euerie streete like to a firmament

Glistered

Hero and Leander.

Glistered with breathing stars, who where they went,
Frighted the melancholic earth, which deem'd,
Eternall heauen to burne, for so it seem'd,
As if another *Phaeton* had got
The guidance of the sonnes rich chariot.
But farre about the loueliest *Hero* shin'd,
And stole away th'enchanted gazers mind,
For like Sea-nimphs inueigling harmonie,
So was her beautie to the standers by.
Nor that night wandring pale and watrie starre,
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling carre,
From *Latmus* mount vp to the gloomie skie,
Where crown'd with blasing light and maiestie,
She proudly sits) more ouer-rules the flood,
Than she the heartes of those that neere her stood.
Euen as, when gawdie Nimphs pursue the chase,
Wretched *Jxions* shaggie footed race,
Incenst with sauage heate, gallop amaine,
From steepe Pine bearing mountaines to the plaine:
So ran the people forth to gaze vpon her,
And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.
And as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
Their fellows being slaine or put to flight,
Poore soldiers stand with feare of death dead strooken,
So at her presence all surprisde and taken,
Await the sentence of her scornefull eies:
He whom she fauours liues, the other dies.

Hero and Leander.

There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some (their violent passions to assuage)
Compile sharpe Satyrs, but alas too late,
For faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate.
And many seeing great Princes were denied,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast day, O cursed day and hower,
Went *Hero* thorow *Sestos*, from her tower
To *Venus* temple, where vnhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spie,
So faire a Church as this, had *Venus* none;
The wals were of discoloured *Jasper* stone,
Wherein was *Protes* caru'd, and ouer head
A liuely vine of greene sea agget spread;
Where by one hand light headed *Bachus* hung,
And with the other, wine from grapes out wrung.
Of Christall shining faire, the pauement was,
The towne of *Sestos*, calde it *Venus* glasse,
There might you see the gods in sundrie shapes,
Committing headdie ryots, incest, rapes:
For know, that vnderneath this raidiant flower,
Was *Danaes* statue in a brazen tower,
Joue, flylie stealing from his Sisters bed,
To dallie with *Jdalian Ganimed*:
And for his loue *Europa*, bellowing lowd,
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a clowd,
Blood-quaffing *Mars*, heauing the yron net,

Which

Hero and Leander.

VVhich limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* set:
Loue kindling fire, to burne such townes as *Troy*,
Syluanus weeping for the louely boy,
That now is turnd into a Cypres tree,
Vnder whose shade the VVood-gods loue to be.
And in the midst a filuer altar stood,
There *Hero* sacrificing turtles blood,
Taild to the ground, vailing her eie-lids close,
And modestly they opened as she rose:
Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head,
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.
Stone still he stood, and euermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his countnance blazed,
Relenting *Hero's* gentle heart was strooke,
Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.

It lies not in our power to loue, or hate,
For will in vs is ouer-ruld by fate.
VVhen two are stript long ere the course begin,
VVe wish that one should lose, the other win.
And one especially doo we affect,
Of two gold Ingots like in each respect,
The reason no man knowes, let it suffice,
VVhat we behold is censur'd by our eies.
VVhere both deliberat, the loue is flight,
VVho euer lou'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

He kneel'd, but vnto her deuoutly praid:
Chast *Hero*, to her selfe thus softly said:

Hero and Leander.

Were I the saint he worships, I would heare him,
And as she spake those words, came somewhat neer him.
He started vp, she blusht as one asham'd;
Wherewith *Leander* much more was inflam'd.
He toucht her hand, in touching it she trembled,
Loue deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled.

These louers parled by the touch of hands,
True loue is mute, and oft amazed stands,
Thus while dumb signs their yeelding harts entangled,
The aire with sparkes of liuing fire was spangled,
And night deepe drencht in mystic *Acheron*,
Heau'd vp her head, and halfe the world vpon,
Breath'd darknesse forth (darke night is *Cupids* day)
And now begins *Leander* to display
Loues holy fire, with words, with sighs and teares,
Which like sweete musicke entered *Heroes* eares,
And yet at euerie word shee turn'd aside,
And alwaies cut him off as he replide,
At last, like to a bold sharpe Sophister,
With chearefull hope thus he accosted her.

Faire creature, let me speake without offence,
I would my rude words had the influence,
To lead thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes do mine,
Then shouldest thou bee his prisoner who is thine.
Be not vnkind and faire, mishapen stuffe
Are of behauiour boisterous and ruffe.
O shun me not, but heare me ere you goe,

God

Hero and Leander.

God knowes I cannot force loue, as you doe.
My words shall be as spotlesse as my youth,
Full of simplicitie and naked truth.
This sacrifice (whose sweet perfume descending,
From *Venus* altar to your footsteps bending)
Doth testifie that you exceede her farre,
To whom you offer, and whose Nunne you are,
Why should you worship her, her you surpasse,
As much as sparkling Diamonds flaring glasse.
A Diamond set in lead his worth retaines,
A heauenly Nymph, belou'd of humane swaines,
Receiues no blemish, but oft-times more grace,
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee, diuine and pure,
Dutifull seruice may thy loue procure,
And I in dutie will excell all other,
As thou in beautie doest exceede loues mother.
Nor heauen, nor thou, were made to gaze vpon,
As heauen preserues all things, so saue thou onc.
A stately builded ship, well rig'd and tall,
The Ocean maketh more maiesticall:
Why vowest thou then to liue in *Sestos* heere,
Who on Loues seas more glorious wouldst appeare?
Like vntun'd golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie vntoucht, will harshly iarre.
Vessels of brasse oft handled, brightly shine,
What difference betwixt the richest mine

Hero and Leander.

And basest mold, but vse? for both not vsde,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abusde,
When misers keepe it; being put to lone,
Intime it will returne vs two for one.

Rich robes, themselves and others doe adorne,
Neither themselves nor others, if not worne.

VVho builds a pallace and rams vp the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate.

Ah simple *Hero*, learne thy selfe to cherish,
Lone women like to emptie houses perish.

Lesse since the poore rich man that starues himselfe,
In heaping vp a masse of drossie pelfe,

Than such as you : his golden earth remains.

VVhich after his disceasse some other gains.

But this faire iem, sweet, in the losse alone,

When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none.

Or if it could, downe from th' enameld skie,

All heauen would come to claime this legacie,

And with intestine broyles the world destroy,

And quite confound natures sweet harmonie.

Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,

We humane creatures should enioy that blis.

One is no number, maids are nothing then,

Without the sweet societie of men.

Wilt thou liue single still? one shalt thou bee,

Though neuer singling *Hyemen* couple thee.

Wild sauages, that drinke of running springs,

Thinke

Hero and Leander.

Thinke water farre excels all earthly things:
But they that daily taste neat wine, despise it.
Virginitie, albeit some highly prise it,
Compar'd with mariage, had you tride them both,
Differs as much, as wine and water doth.
Base boullion for the stamps sake we allow,
Euen so for mens impression do we you.
By which alone, our reuerend fathers say;
Women receiue perfection euery way.
This idoll which you terme Virginitie,
Is neither essence subiect to the eie,
No, nor to any one exterior sence,
Nor hath it any place of residence,
Nor is't of earth or mold celestiall,
Or capable of any forme at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boast,
Things that are not at all, are neuer lost.
Men foolishly doe call it vertuous,
What vertue is it, that is borne with vs?
Much lesse can honour be ascribed thereto,
Honour is purchasde by the deedes we doe.
Beleeue me *Hero*, honour is not wone,
Vntill some honourable deed be done.
Seeke you for chastitie, immortall fame,
And know that some haue wrong'd *Dianas* name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be faire, but some vile tongues will blot?

But

Hero and Leander.

But you are faire (aye me) so wonderous faire,
So young, so gentle, and so debonaire,
As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you liue alone,
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.
Then *Hero* hate me not, nor from me flie,
To follow swiftly blasting infamie.
Perhaps, thy sacred Priesthood makes thee loath,
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedelesse oath?

To *Venus*, answered shee, and as shee spake,
Foorth from those two tralucent cesterne-brake
A streame of liquid pearle, which downe her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace
To *Joues* high court. He thus replide: The rites
In which Loues beauteous Empresse most delites,
Are banquets, Doricke musicke, midnight-reuell,
Plaies, maskes, and all that sterne age counteth euill.
Thee as a holy Idiot doth she scorne,
For thou in vowing chastitie, hast sworne
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Commit'st a sinne farre worse than periurie.
Euen sacriledge against her Deitie,
Through regular and formall puritie.
To expiat which sinne, kisse and shake handes,
Such sacrifice as this, *Venus* demands.

Thereat shee smilde, and did denie him so,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for mo.
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his speech,

Hero and Leander.

And her in humble manner thus beseech.

Though neither gods nor men may thee deserue,
Yet for her sake whom you haue vow'd to serue,
Abandon fruitlesse cold Virginitie,
The gentle Queene of Loues sole enemye.
Then shall you most resemble *Venus* Nun,
When *Venus* sweet rites are perform'd and dun,
Flint-brested *Pallas* ioyes in single life,
But *Pallas* and your mistresse are at strife.
Loue *Hero* then, and be not tyrannous,
But heale the heart that thou hast wounded thus,
Nor staine thy youthfull yeeres with avarice,
Faire fooles delight to be accounted nice.
The richest corne dies, if it be not reapt,
Beautie alone is lost, too warily kept.
These arguments he vs'd, and many more,
Wherewith she yeelded, that was woone before,
Heroes looks yeelded, but her words made warre,
Women are woon when they begin to iarre.
Thus hauing swallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,
The more she striu'd the deeper was the strooke.
Yet euilly faining anger, stroue she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So hauing paus'd a while, at last she said:
Who taught thee Rhetoricke to deceiue a maid?
Aye me, such words as these should I abhorre,
And yet I like them for the Orator.

Hero and Leander.

With that *Leander* stoopt, to haue imbrac'd her,
But from his spreading armes away she cast her,
And thus bespake him. Gentle youth forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I weare.

Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,
Far from the towne (where all is whist and still,
Saue that the sea playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a ratling murmure to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden *Morpheus*,
In silence of the night to visit vs.)

My turret stands, and there God knowes I play
With *Venus* swannes and sparrowes all the day.

A dwarfish beldame beares me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spendes the night (that might be better spent)
In vaine discourse, and apish merriment.

Come thither; As she spake this, her tongue tript,
For vnawares (*Come thither*) from her slipt,

And sodainly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eies through anger rang'd,

And like a planet, moouing seuerall waies,
At one selfe instant, she poore soule assaies,

Louing, not to loue at all, and euerie part,
Stroue to resist the motions of her heart.

And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such,

As might haue made heauen stoope to haue a touch,
Did she vphold to *Venus*, and againe,

Vow'd

Hero and Leander.

Vow'd spotlesse chastitie, but all in vaine,
Cupid beates downe her prayers with his wings,
Her vowes aboue the emptie aire he flings:
All deepe enrag'd, his sinowie bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went,
Wherewith she strooken, look't so dolefully,
As made Loue sigh, to see his tirannie.
And as she wept, her teares to pearle he turn'd,
And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd,
Then towards the pallace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment and grieve he flies.
And to those sterne nymphes humbly made request,
Both might enioy each other, and be blest,
But with a ghastly dreadfull countenance,
Threatning a thousand deaths at euerie glance,
They answered Loue, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poore word, their hate to him was such.
Harken a while, and I will tell you why:
Heauens winged herrald, *Ioue-borne Mercurie*,
The selfe-same day that he asleep had laid
Inchanted *Argus*, spied a countrie maid,
Whose carelesse haire, in stead of pearle t'adorne it:
Glistred with deaw, as one that seem'd to scorne it:
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose,
Her mind pure, and her tongue vntaught to glose.
Yet proud she was, (for loftie pride that dwels
In tow' red courts, is oft in shepheards cels.)

Hero and Leander.

And too too well the faire vermilion knew,
And siluer tincture of her cheekes, that drew,
The loue of euery swaine: On her this god
Enamoured was, and with his snakie rod,
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while vpon the hillocke downe he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancie to assay,
Till in his twining armes he lockt her fast,
And then he woo'd with kisses, and at last,
As shepheards do, her on the ground he laid,
And tumbling in the grasse, he often straid
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eie those partes, which no eie should behold:
And like an insolent commaunding loue,
Boasting his parentage, would needes discouer
The way to new *Elisium*: but she,
Whose onely dower was her chastitie,
Hauing striu'ne in vaine, was now about to crie,
And craue the helpe of shepheards that were nie.
Herewith he staid his furie, and began
To giue her leaue to rise, away she ran,
After went *Mercurie*, who vsde such cunning,
As she to heare his tale, left off her running.
Maides are not woon by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasures and delight.
And knowing *Hermes* courted her, was glad

That

Hero and Leander.

That she such louelineſſe and beautie had,
As could prouoke his liking, yet was mute,
And neither would denie, nor graunt his ſute.
Still vow'd he loue, ſhe wanting no excuſe
To feede him with delaies, as women uſe:
Or thirſting after immortalitie,
All women are ambitious naturally,
Impoſſe vpon her loue ſuch a taſke,
As he ought not performe, nor yet ſhe aſke.
A draught of flowing *Nectar* ſhe requested,
Wherewith the king of Gods and men is feaſted.
He ready to accompliſh what ſhe wild,
Stole ſome from *Hebe* (*Hebe, Ioues cup filld,*)
And gaue it to his ſimple ruſtike loue,
Which being knowne (as what is hid from *Ioue*)
He inly ſtor m'd, and waxt more furious,
Than for the fire ſilcht by *Promethius*,
And thruſts him down from heauen, he wandring here,
In mournfull tearmes, with ſad and heauie cheere
Complained to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his ſake,
To be reueng'd on *Ioue*, did vndertake,
And thoſe on whom heauen, earth, and hell relies,
I meane the Adamantine Deſtinies,
He wounds with loue, and forſt them equally,
To dote vpon deceitfull *Mercurie*.
They offred him the deadly fatall knife,
That ſheares the ſlender threads of humane life,

Hero and Leander.

At his faire feathered feet, the engins laid,
Which th'earth from ougly *Chaos* den vp-waid;
These he regarded not, but did intreat,
That *Joue*, vsurper of his fathers seat,
Might presently be banisht into hell,
And aged *Saturne* in *Olympus* dwell.
They granted what he crau'd, and once againe,
Saturne and *Ops*, began their golden raigne.
Murder, rape, warre, lust and trecherie,
Were with *Joue* clos'd in *Stigian* Emperie.
But long this blessed time continued not,
As soone as he his wished purpose got,
He recklesse of his promise, did despise
The loue of th'euerlasting Destinies.
They seeing it, both Loue and him abhor'd,
And *Iupiter* vnto his place restor'd.
And but that Learning, in despite of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heauen gate,
And to the seate of *Joue* it selfe aduance,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and *Pouertie* should alwaies kis.
And to this day is euerie scholler poore,
Grosse gold from then runs headlong to the Boore.
Likewise the angrie sisters thus deluded,
To venge themselves on *Hermes*, haue concluded
That *Midas* brood shall sit in honors chaire,

Hero and Leander.

To which the *Muses* sonnes are onely heire;
And fruitfull wits that in aspiring are,
Shall discontent run into regions farre;
And few great Lords in vertuous deeds shall ioy,
But be surpris'd with euery garish toy.
And still enrich the loftie seruile Clowne,
Who with incroching guile, keepes learning downe.
Then muse not *Cupids* suite no better sped,
Seeing in their loues the Fates were iniured.

The end of the first Sestiad.



THE ARGVMENT OF THE SECOND SESTYAD.

Hero of loue takes deeper sence,
And doth her loue more recompence.
Their first nights meeting, where sweet kisses
Are th'only crownes of both their blisses.
He swims i' Abydus, and returnes;
Cold Neptune with his beantie burnes,
Whose suite he shuns, and doth aspire
Heros faire towre, and his desire.

BY this, sad Hero, with loue vnacquainted,
Viewing *Leanders* face, fell downe and fainted.
He kist her, and breath'd life into her lips,

Where

Hero and Leander.

Wherewith as one displeasde, away she trips.
Yet as she went, full often lookt behinde,
And many poore excuses did she find,
To linger by the way, and once she staid,
And would haue turnde againe, but was afraid,
In offering partly, to be counted light.
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fanne of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.
He being a nouice, knew not what she meant,
But staid, and after her a letter sent.
Which ioyfull *Hero* answerd in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort,
Wherein the liberall graces lock'd their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide open stood the doore, he need not clime;
And she her selfe before the pointed time,
Had spread the boord, with roses strowed the roome,
And oft look'd out, and mus'd he did not come.
At last he came, O who can tell the greeting,
These greedie louers had at their first meeting.
He askt, she gaue, and nothing was denied,
Both to each other quickly were affied.
Looke how their hands, so were their hearts vnited,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the imbracements sweet,
When like desires and affections meet,

Hero and Leander

For from the earth to heaven, is *Cupid* rais'd,
Where fancie is in equall ballance pais'd)
Yet she this rashnesse sodainly repented,
And turn'd aside, and to her selfe lamented.
As if her name and honour had beene wrong'd,
By being possesst of him for whom she long'd:
I, and shee witht, albeit not from her hart,
That he would leaue her turret and depart.
The mirthfull God of amorous pleasure smil'd,
To see how he this captiue Nymph beguil'd.
For hitherto hee did but fan the fire,
And kept it downe that it might mount the hier.
Now waxt she iealous, least his loue abated,
Fearing, her owne thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore vnto him hastily she goes,
And like light *Salmaçis*, her body throes
Vpon his bosome, where with yeelding eies,
She offers vp her selfe a sacrifice,
To slake his anger, if hee were displeas'd,
O what god would not therewith be appeas'd?
Liks *Æsops* cocke, this iewell he enioyed,
And as a brother with his sister toyed,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her fauour and good will had wone.
But know you not that creatures wanting sence,
By nature haue a mutuall appetence,
And wanting organs to aduance a step,

Hero and Leander.

Mou'd by Loves force, vnto ech other lepe
Much more in subiects hauing intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit *Leander* rude in loue, and raw,
Long dallying with *Hero*, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore vnto his bodie, hirs he clung,
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung,
Striu'd with redoubled strength, the more she striued,
The more a gentle pleasing heat reuiued,
Which taught him all that elder louers know,
And now the same gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plaine termes (yet cunningly) he crau'd it,
Loue alwaies makes those eloquent that haue it.
Shee, with a kind of graunting, put him by it,
And euer as he thought himselfe most nigh it,
Like to the tree of *Tantalus* she fled,
And seeming lauish, sau'de her mayden head.
Ne're king more sought to keepe his diademe,
Than *Hero* this inestimable gemme.
Aboue our life we loue a stedfast friend,
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kisse it, often looke thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gon:
No maruell then, though *Hero* would not yeeld
So soone to part from that she decreely held.

Hero and Leander

Jewels being lost are found againe, this neuer,
Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for euer.

Now had the morne espy'de her louers steeds,
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that he stayd so long,
All headlong throwes her selfe the clouds among,
And now *Leander* fearing to be mist,
Imbrast her sodainly, tooke leaue, and kist,
Long was he taking leaue and loath to go,
And kist againe, as louers vse to do,
Sad *Hero* wroong him by the hand, and wept,
Saying, let your vowes and promises be kept.
Then standing at the doore, she turnd about,
As loath to see *Leander* going out.

And now the sunne that through th' orizon peepes,
As pittying these louers, downeward creepes.
So that in silence of the cloudie night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what the secret trustie night conceal'd,
Leanders amorous habit soone reueal'd,
With *Cupids* myrtle was his bonet crownd,
About his armes the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely spreading heare,
Nor could the youth abstaine, but he must weare
The sacred ring wherewith she was endow'd,
When first religious chastitie she vow'd:
Which made his loue through *Sestos* to bee knowne,

Hero and Leander.

And thence vnto *Abydos* sooner blowne,
Than he could saile, for incorporeal Fame,
Whose waight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardie plumes,
Are reeking water, and dull earthlie fumes.
Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,
But like exiled aire thrust from his sphere,
Set in a forren place, and straight from thence,
Alcides like, by mightie violence,
He would haue chac'd away the swelling maine,
That him from her vniustly did detaine.
Like as the sunne in a Dyameter,
Fires and inflames objects remooued farre,
And heateth kindly, shining lat'rally;
So beautie, sweetly quickens when t'is ny,
But being separated and remooued,
Burnes where it cherisht, murders where it loued.
Therefore euen as an Index to a booke,
So to his mind was yoong *Leanders* looke.
O none but gods haue power their loue to hide,
Affection by the count'nance is descride,
The light of hidden fire it selfe discouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betraies poore louers.
His secret flanie apparantly was seene,
Leanders Father knew where hee had been,
And for the same mildly rebuk't his sonne,
Thinking to quench the sparckles new begonne.

Hero and Leander.

But loue resisted once, growes passionate,
And nothing more than counsaile, louers hate:
For as a hote prowd horse highly disdaines,
To haue his head control'd, but breakes the raines,
Spits foorth the ringled bit, and with his houer,
Checkes the submissiue ground: so hee that loues,
The more he is restrain'd, the woorse he fares,
What is it now, but mad *Leander* dares?
O *Hero*, *Hero*, thus he cry'de full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft.
Where hauing spy'de her tower, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toyling *Hellepont*,
To part in twaine, that he might come and go,
But still the rising billowes answered no.
With that hee stript him to the yurie skin,
And crying, Loue I come, leapt liuely in.
Whereat the saphir visag'd god grew prowd,
And made his capring *Triton* sound alowd,
Imagining, that *Ganimed* displeas'd,
Had left the heauens, therefore on him hee seiz'd.
Leander striu'd, the waues about him wound,
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground
Was strewd with pearle, and in low corall groues,
Sweet singing Mermaids, sported with their loues
On heapes of heauie gold, and tooke great pleasure,
To spurne in carelesse sort, the shipwracke treasure.
For here the stately azure pallace stood,

Hero and Leander.

Where kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode,
The lustie god imbrast him, cald him loue,
And swore he neuer should returne to loue.
But when he knew it was not *Ganimed*,
For vnder water he was almost dead,
He heau'd him vp, and looking on his face,
Beat downe the bold wanes with his triple mace,
Which mounted vp, intending to haue kist him,
And fell in drops like teares, because they mist him.
Leander being vp, began to swim,
And looking backe, saw *Neptune* follow him.
Whereat agast, the poore soule gan to crie,
O let me visite *Hero* ere I die.

The god put *Helles* bracelet on his arme,
And swore the sea should neuer doe him harme.
He clapt his plumpe cheekes, with his tresses playd,
And smiling wantonly, his loue bewrayd.
He watcht his armes, and as they opend wide,
At euery stroke, betwixt them would he slide,
And steale a kisse, and then run out and daunce,
And as he turnd, cast many a lustfull glaunce,
And threw him gawdie toies to please his eie,
And diue into the water, and there prie
Vpon his breast, his thighs, and euerie lim,
And vp againe, and close beside him swim.
And talke of loue: *Leander* made replic,
You are deceau'd, I am no woman I,

Thereat

Hero and Leander.

Thereat smilde *Neptune*, and then told a tale,
How that a sheapheard sitting in a vale,
Playd with a boy so faire and kind,
As for his loue, both earth and heauen pyn'd,
That of the cooling riuer durst not drinke,
Least water-nymphs should pul him from the brinke:
And when hee sported in the fragrant lawnes,
Gote-footed Satyrs, and vp-staring Fawnes,
Would steale him thence. Ere halfe this tale was done,
Aye me, *Leander* cryde, th' enamoured sunne,
That now should shine on *Thetis* glassie bower,
Descends vpon my radiant *Heroes* tower.
O that these tardie armes of mine were wings,
And as he spake, vpon the waues he springs.
Neptune was angrie that he gaue no care,
And in his heart reuenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
He cald it in; for loue made him repent.
The mace returning backe, his owne hand hit,
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
When this fresh bleeding wound *Leander* viewd,
His colour went and came, as if he rew'd
The greefe which *Neptune* felt. In gentle brests,
Relenting thoughts, remorse and pitie rests.
And who haue hard hearts, and obdurat minds,
But vicious, harebrainde, and illit'rat hinds?
The god seeing him with pitie to be moued,

There com

Hero and Leander.

Thereon concluded that he was beloued.
(Loue is too full of faith, too credulous,
With follie and false hope deluding vs.
Wherefore *Leanders* fancie to surprize,
To the rich *Ocean* for gifts he flies.
Tis wisdom to giue much, a gift preuailes,
When deepe perswading Oratorie failes.
By this *Leander* being nere the land,
Cast downe his wearie feet, and felt the sand.
Breathlesse albeit he were, he rested not.
Till to the solitarie tower he got.
And knockt and cald, at which celestiall noise,
The longing heart of *Hero* much more ioies
Then Nymphs & Sheapheards, when the timbrel rings
Or crooked Dolphin when the Sailer sings;
She stayd not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunke with gladnesse, to the dore she goes.
Where seeing a naked man, she scricht for feare,
Such sights as this, to tender maids are rare.
And ran into the darke her selfe to hide,
Rich iewels in the darke are soonest spide.
Vnto her was he led, or rather drawne,
By those white limmes, which sparckled through the
The neerer that he came, the more she fled, (lawne
And seeking refuge, slipt into her bed.
Whereon *Leander* sitting, thus began,
Through numming cold, all feeble, faint and wan:

Hero and Leander.

If not for loue, yet lo ue for pittie sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosome take,
At least vouchsafe these armes some little roome,
Who hoping to embrace thee, cherely fwome.
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest vpon thy pillow.
Herewith a frighted *Hero* thrunke away,
And in her luke-warme place *Leander* lay.
Whose liuely heat like fire from heauen fet,
Would animate grosse clay, and higher set
The drooping thoughts of base declining soules,
Then drerie *Mars*, carowling *Nectar* boules.
His hands he cast vpon her like a snare,
She ouercome with shame and fallow feare,
Like chaste *Diana*, when *Aetion* spyde her,
Being sodainly betraide, dyu'd downe to hide her.
And as her siluer body downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her owne mind thought her selfe secure,
O'recast with dim and darksome couerture,
And now she lets him whisper in her eare,
Flatter, intreat, promise, protest and sweare,
Yet euer as he greedily assayd
To touch those dainties, she the *Harpey* playd,
And euery lim did as a soldier stout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foe-man out.
For though the rising yu rie mount he scald,

Hero and Leander.

Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I tearme this,
By which loue sailes to regions full of blis,)
Yet there with *Sisyphus* he toyld in vaine,
Till gentle parlie did the truce obtaine.
She trembling stroue, this strife of hers (like that
Which made the world) another world begat,
Of vnknowne ioy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yeeld her selfe she sought.
Seeming not woon, yet woon she was at length,
In such wares women vse but halfe their strength.
Leander now like *Theban Hercules*,
Entred the orchard of *Th'esperides*.
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but hee
That puls or shakes it from the golden tree:
Wherein *Leander* on her quiuering brest,
Breathlesse spoke some thing, and sigh'd out the rest;
Which so preuail'd, as he with small ado,
Inclos'd her in his armes and kist her to.
And euerie kisse to her was as a charme,
And to *Leander* as a fresh alarme.
So that the truce was broke, and she alas,
(Poore fillie maiden) at his mercie was.
Loue is not full of pittie (as men say)
But deaffe and cruell, where he meanes to pray.
Euen as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Foorth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing.

And

Hero and Leander.

And now she wisht this night were neuer done,
And sigh'd to thinke vpon th'approching sunne,
For much it greeu'd her that the bright day-light,
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night.
And then like *Mars* and *Ericine* displayd,
Both in eace others armes chaind as they layd.
Againe she knew not how to frame her looke,
Or speake to him who in a moment tooke,
That which so long so charily she kept,
And faine by stealth away she would haue crept,
And to some corner secretly haue gone,
Leauing *Leander* in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the suddaine cling'd her so about,
That Mermaid-like vnto the floore she slid,
One halfe appear'd the other halfe was hid.
Thus neere the bed she blushing stood vpright,
And from her countenance behold ye might,
A kind of twilight breake, which through the heare,
As from an orient cloud, glymse here and there.
And round about the chamber this false morne,
Brought forth the day before the day was borne.
So *Heros* ruddie cheeke, *Hero* betrayd,
And her all naked to his sight displayd.
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure tooke,
Than *Dis*, on heapes of gold fixing his looke.
By this *Apollos* golden harpe began,

Hero and Leander.

To sound forth musick to the Ocean,
Which watchfull *Hesperus* no sooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd.
And ran before, as Harbenger of light,
And with his flaring beames mockt ougly night,
Till he o'come with anguish, shame, and rage,
Dang'd downe to hell her loathsome carriage.

The end of the second Sestiad.



THE ARGVMENT OF THE THIRD SESTYAD.

*Leander to the enuious light
Resignes his night-sports with the night,
And swims the Hellespont againe;
Thesme the deitie soueraigne
Of Customs and religious rites
Appeares, improving his delites
Since Nuptiall honors he neglected;
Which straight he vows shall be effected.
Faيرة Hero left Deuirginate
Waies, and with furie wailes her state:
But with her loue and womans wit
She argues, and approueth it.*

NEW light giues new directions, Fortunes new
To fashion our indeuours that ensue,

More

Hero and Leander.

More harsh (at lest more hard) more graue and hie
Our subiect runs, and our sterne *Vnse* must flie,
Loues edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, ioyes, longings, that before became,
High vnexperiencd blood, and maids sharpe plights,
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
That being enioyd aske iudgement; now we praise,
As hauing parted: Euenings crowne the daies.

And now ye wanton loues, and yong desires,
Pied vanitie, the mint of strang Attires;
Ye lipping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
Relentfull Musicks, and attractive Dances,
And you detested Charmes constraining loue,
Shun loues stolne sports by that these Louers proue.

By this the Soueraigne of Heauens golden fires,
And yong *Leander*, Lord of his desires,
Together from their louers armes arose:
Leander into *Helle* *pontus* throwes
His *Hero*-handled bodie, whose delight
Made him disdain each other *Epethire*.
And as amidst the enamoured waues he swims,
The God of gold of purpose guilt his limbs,
That this word guilt, including double fence,
The double guilt of his *Incontinence*,
Might be exprest, that had no stay t'employ
The treasure which the Loue-god let him ioy
In his deare *Hero*, with such sacred thrift,

Hero and Leander.

Ashad be seemd so sanctified a gift:
But like a greedie vulgar Prodigall
Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall
Before his time, to that vnblest blessing,
Which for lusts plague doth perish with possessing.

Joy grauen in sence, like snow in water wast;

Without preserue of vertue, nothing lasts.

What man is he that with a welthie eie,
Enioyes a beautie richer than the skie,
Through whose white skin, softer then soundest sleep,
With damaske eyes, the rubie blood doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure vaines,
Whose mixture and first fire his loue attaines;
Whose both hands limit, both Loues deities,
And sweeten humane thoughts like Paradise;
Whose disposition silken is and kinde,
Directed with an earth-exempted minde;
Who thinks not heauen with such a loue is giuen?
And who like earth would spend that dower of heauē,
With ranke desire to ioy it all at first?
What simply kils our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Clothes but our nakednes, and makes vs liue?
Praise doth not any of her fauours giue:
But what doth plentifully minister
Beautious apparell and delicious cheere,
So orderd that it still excites desire,
And still giues pleasure freenes to aspire.

Hero and Leander.

The palme of Bountie, euer moyst preserving:

To loues sweet life this is the courtly caruing.

Thus *Time*, and all-states ordering *Ceremonie*,

Had banisht all offence: *Times* golden *Thie*

Upholds the flowrie bodie of the earth,

In sacred harmonie, and euery birth

Of men, and actions makes legitimate,

Being vsde aright; *The vse of time is fate.*

Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more,

This prize of Loue home to his fathers shore;

Where he vnclades himselfe of that false welth

That makes few rich; treasures compose by steth

And to his sister kind *Hermione*,

Who on the shore kneeld, praying to the sea

For his returne) he all Loues goods did show

In *Hero* seasde for him, in him for *Hero*.

His most kinde sister all his secrets knew,

And to her singing like a shower he flew,

prinkling the earth, that to their tombs took in

treames dead for loue, to leaue his iuorie skin,

Which yet a snowie fume did leaue aboue,

As soule to the dead water that did loue;

and from thence did the first white *Roses* spring,

For loue is sweet and faire in euerie thing)

and all the sweetned shore as he did goe,

Was crownd with odrous roses white as snow.

Loue-blest *Leander* was with loue so filled,

That

Hero and Leander.

That loue to all that toucht him he instilled,
And as the colours of all things we see,
To our sights powers communicated bee:
So to all objects that in compasse came
Of any sence he had; his sences flame
Flowd from his parts, with force so virtuall,
It fir'd with sence things meere insensuall.

Now (with warme baths and odours comforted)
When he lay downe he kindly kist his bed,
As consecrating it to *Heros* right,
And vowd thereafter that what euer sight
Put him in minde of *Hero*, or her blisse,
Should be her Altar to prefer a kisse.

Then laid he forth his late enriched armes,
In whose white circle Loue writ all his charmes,
And made his characters sweet *Heros* lims,
When on his breasts warme sea she fideling swims.
And as those armes (held vp in circle) met,
He said; see sister *Heros* Carquet,
Which she had rather weare about her neck,
Then all the iewels that doth *Juno* deck.

But as he shooke with passionate desire,
To put in flame his other secret fire,
A musick so diuine did pierce his eare,
As neuer yet his rauisht sence did heare;
When suddenly a light of twentic hews
Brake through the rooffe, and like the Rainbow views

Amazed

Hero and Leander.

Amaz'd *Leander* ; in whose beames came downe
The Goddesse *Ceremonie*, with a Crowne
Of all the stars, and heauen with her descended,
Her flaming haire to her bright feete extended,
By which hung all the bench of Deities ;
And in a chaine, compact of cares and eies,
She led Religion ; all her bodie was
Cleere and transparent as the purest glasse :
For shee was all presented to the sence ;
Deuotion, Order, State, and Reuerence,
Her shadowes were ; Societic, Memorie ;
All which her sight made liue ; her absence die.
A rich disparent Pentacle she weares,
Drawne full of circles and strange characters :
Her face was changeable to euerie eie ;
One way lookt ill, another graciously ;
Which while men viewed, they cheerful were and holy.
But looking off, vicious, and melancholy :
The snake paths to each obserued law,
Did *Policie* in her broad bosome draw,
One hand a Mathematicke Chrystall swayes,
Which gathering in one line a thousand rayes
From her bright eies, *Confusion* burnes to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth.
By it *Moralltie* and *Comelinesse*,
Themselues in all their sightly figures dresse.
Her other hand a lawrell rod applies,

Hero and Leander.

To beate backe *Barbarisme*, and *Auarice*,
That followed eating earth, and excrement
And humane lims; and would make proud ascent
To seats of Gods, were *Ceremonie* slaine;
The *Howrs* and *Graces* bore her glorious traine,
And all the sweetes of our societie
Were Spherde, and treasurde in her bounteous cke,
Thus she appeard, and sharpely did reprove
Leanders bluntnes in his violent loue;
Told him how poore was substance without rites,
Like bills vnfignd; desires without delites;
Like meates vnseasond; like ranke corne that growes
On Cottages, that none or reapes or sows:
Not being with ciuill formes confirm'd and bounded,
For humane dignities and comforts founded:
But loose and secret all their glories hide;
Feare fills the chamber, darknes decks the Bride.

She vanisht, leauing pierst *Leanders* hart
With sence of his vnceremonius part,
In which with plaine neglect of Nuptiall rites,
He close and flatly fell to his delites:
And instantly he vowd to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his married state.
So vp he gets and to his father goes,
To whose glad eares he doth his vowes disclose:
The Nuptials are resolu'd with vtmost powre,
And he at night would swim to *Heros* towre.

From

Hero and Leander.

From whence he ment to *Sestos* forked Bay
To bring her couertly, where ships must stay,
Sent by her father throughly rigd and mand,
To waft her safely to *Abydos* Strand.
Here leaue we him, and with fresh wing pursue
Stonisht *Hero*, whose most wished view
Thus long haue forborne, because I left her.
Out of countnance, and her spirits bereft her.
A look of one abasht is impudence,
When of slight faults he hath too deepe a sence.
Her blushing het her chamber: she lookt out,
And all the aire she purpled round about,
And after it a foule blacke day befell,
Which euer since a red morne doth foretell:
And still renewes our woes for *Heros* wo,
And foule it prou'd, because it figur'd so
The next nights horror, which prepare to heare,
While if it prophane your daintiest eare.
Then how most strangely intellectuall fire,
That proper to my soule hast power to inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy vnspheared flame visit the springs
Of spirits immortall; Now (as swift as Time
Both follow Motion) finde th' eternall Clime
His free soule, whose liuing subiect flood
To the chin in the *Pyerean* stood,
And drunke to me halfe this *Musean* storie,

Hero and Leander.

Inscribing it to deathles Memorie:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deepe,
That neithers draught be consecrate to sleepe.
Tell it how much his late desires I tender,
(If yet it know not) and to light surrender
My soules dark offspring, willing it should die
To loues, to passions, and societie.

Sweet *Hero* left vpon her bed alone,
Her maidenhead, her vowes, *Leander* gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crew
Of new come thoughts that yet she neuer knew,
Euen to her selfe a stranger; was much like
Th' *Iberian* citie that wars hand did strike
By English force in princely *Essex* guide,
Whence peace assur'd her towers had fortifide;
And golden-fingred *India* had bestowd
Such wealth on her, that strength and Empire flowd
Into her Turrets; and her virgin waste
The wealthie girdle of the Sea embraste:
Till our *Leander* that made *Mars* his *Cupid*,
For soft loue-sutes, with iron thunders chid:
Swum to her townes, dissolu'd her virgin zone;
Lead in his power, and made Confusion
Run through her streetes amazd, that she supposde
She had not been in her owne walls inclosde:
But rapt by wonder to some forraine state,
Seeing all her issue so disconsolate:

And

Hero and Leander.

And all her peacefull mansions posselt
With wars iust spoyle, and many a forraine guest
From euerie corner driuing an enioyer,
Applying it with power of a destroyer.
So far'd fayre *Hero* in th'expugned fort
Of her chaste bosome, and of euerie sort
Strange thoughts posselt her, ransaking her brest
For that that was not there, her wonted rest.
She was a mother straight and bore with paine,
Thoughts that spake straight and wisht their mother
She hates their liues, & they their own & hers: (slain;
Each strife still growes where sinne the race prefers.
Life is a golden bubble full of dreames,
That waking breakes, and fills vs with extreames.
She mus'd how she could looke vpon her Sire,
And not shew that without, that was intire.
For as a glasse is an inanimate eie,
And outward formes imbraceth inwardly:
So is the eye an animate glasse that shoves
All formes without vs. And as *Phebus* throwes
His beames abroad, though he in clouds be closde,
Still glancing by them till he finde opposde,
Thicke and rorid vapour that is fit
To quent his searching beames, and vseth it
To forme a tender twentie-coloured eie,
Set in a circle round about the skie.
When our fierie foule, our bodies starre,

Hero and Leander.

(That euer is in motion circular)
Conceiues a forme ; in seeking to display it
Through all our clowdie parts, it doth conuey it
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this euent vncourtly *Hero* thought,
Her inward guilt would in her lookes haue wrought:
For yet the worlds stale cunning she resisted
To beare foule thoughts, yet forge what lookes she li-
And held it for a verie sillie sleight, (sted,
To make a perfect mettall counterfeit:
Glad to disclaime her selfe ; proud of an Art,
That makes the face a Pandar to the heart.
Those be the painted Moones, whose lights prophane
Beauties truc Heauen, at full still in their wane.
Those be the Lapwing faces that still crie,
Here 'tis, when that they vow is nothing nie.
Base fooles, when euerie moorish foole can teach
That which men thinke the height of humane reach.
But custome that the Apoplexie is
Of beddred nature, and liues led amis.
And takes away all feeling of offence:
Yet brazde not *Hero's* brow with impudence ;
And this she thought most hard to bring to pas,
To seeme in countnance other then she was.
As if she had two soules ; one for the face,
One for the heart ; and that they shifted place

As

Hero and Leander.

As either list to vtter, or conceale
What they conceiu'd : or as one soule did deale
With both affaires at once, keeps and eiects
Both at an instant contrarie effects:
Retention and eiection in her powrs
Being acts alike : for this one vice of ours,
That formes the thought, and swaies the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our vtterance.

These and more graue conceits toyld *Heros* spirits:
For though the light of her discoursiue wits,
Perhaps might finde some little hole to pas
Through all these worldly cinctures ; yet (alas)
There was a heauenly flame incompast her ;
Her Goddesse, in whose Phane she did preferre
Her virgin vowes ; from whose impulsiuie sight
She knew the blacke shield of the darkest night
Could not defend her, nor wits subtilst art :
This was the point pierst *Hero* to the hart.
Who heauie to the death, with a deep sigh
And hand that languisht, tooke a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of blacke Cypres made,
In which she fate, had from the day in shade,
Euen ouer head and face downe to her feete ;
Her left hand made it at her bosome meete ;
Her right hand leand on her hart. bowing knee,
Wrapt in vnshapfull foulds : t'was death to see
Her knee staide that, and that her falling face

Hero and Leander.

Each limme helpt other to put on disgrace.
No forme was seene, where forme held all her sight:
But like an Embrion that saw neuer light:
Or like a scorched statue made a cole
With three-wingd lightning: or a wretched soule
Muffled with endles darknes, she did sit:
The night had neuer such a heauie spirit.
Yet might an imitating eye well see,
How fast her cleere teares melted on her knee
Through her black vaile, and turnd as blacke as it,
Mourning to be her teares: then wrought her wit
With her broke vow, her Goddesse wrath, her fame,
All tooles that enginous despayre could frame:
Which made her strow the floore with her torne hair
And spread her mantle peece-meale in the aire.
Like *Iones* sons club, strong passiō strooke her downe
And with a piteous shriek inforst her swoone:
Her shriek, made with another shriek ascend
The frighted Matron that on her did tend:
And as with her owne crie her sence was flaine,
So with the other it was calde againe.
She rose and to her bed made forced way,
And layd her downe euen where *Leander* lay:
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Ebd with *Leander*: but now turnd the flood,
And all her fleete of spirits came swelling in
With childe of faile, and did hot fight begin

Hero and Leander.

With those seuerer conceits, she too much markt,
And here *Leanders* beauties were imbarckt.
He came in swimming painted all with ioyes,
Such as might sweeten hell: his thought destroyes
All her destroying thoughts: she thought she felt
His heart in hers: with her contentions inelt,
And chid her soule that it could so much erre,
To checke the true ioyes he deseru'd in her.
Her fresh heat blood cast figures in her eies,
And she supposde she saw in *Neptunes* skies
How her starre wandred, washt in smarting brine
For her loues sake, that with immortall wine
Should be embath'd, and swim in more hearts ease,
Than there was water in the *Sestian* seas.
Then said her *Cupid* prompted spirit; shall I
Sing mones to such delightfome harmonie?
Shall slick-tongde fame patcht vp with voyces rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,
(Begot when father iudgement is away,
And gossip-like, saies because others say,
Takes newes as if it were too hot to eate,
And spits it flauering forth for dog-fecs meate)
Make me for forging a phantastike vow,
Presume to beare what makes graue matrons bow?
Good vowes are neuer broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad: vowes are but seeds,
And good deeds fruits; euē those good deeds y grow
G From

Hero and Leander.

From other stocks, than from th'observed vow.

That is a good deed that preuents a bad:

Had I not yeelded, slaine my selfe I had.

Hero Leander is, Leander Hero:

Such vertue loue hath to make one of two.

If then *Leander* did my maydenhead git,

Leander being my selfe I still retaine it.

We breake chaste vowes when we liue loosely euer:

But bound as we are, we liue loosely neuer.

Two constant louers being ioynd in one,

Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.

We know not how to vow, till loue vnblind vs,

And vowes made ignorantly neuer binde vs.

Too true it is that when't is gone men hate

The ioyes as vaine they tooke in loues estate:

But that's, since they haue lost, the heavenly light

Should shew them way to iudge of all things right.

When life is gone death must implant his terror,

As death is foe to life, so loue to error.

Before we loue how range we through this sphere,

Searching the sundrie fancies hunted here:

Now with desire of wealth transported quite

Beyond our free humanities delight:

Now with ambition climbing falling towrs,

Whose hope to scale, our feare to fall deuours:

Now rapt with pastimes, pomp, all ioyes impure;

In things without vs no delight is sure.

But

Hero and Leander..

But loue with all ioyes crownd, within doth sit;
O Goddesse pittie loue and pardon it.
This spake he weeping: but her Goddesse care
Burnd with too sterne a heat, and would not heare.
Aye me, hath heauens straight fingers no more graces,
For such *Hero*, then for homeliest faces?
Yet she hopte well, and in her sweet conceit
Waying her arguments, she thought them weight:
And that the logick of *Leanders* beautie,
And them together would bring proofes of dutie.
And if her soule, that was a skilfull glance
Of heauens great essence, found such imperance
In her loues beauties; she had confidence.
Ioue lou'd him too, and pardond her offence.

*Beautie in heauen and earth this grace doth win,
It supples rigor, and it lessens sin.*

Thus, her sharpe wit, her loue, her secrecie,
Trouping together, made her wonder why
She should not leaue her bed, and to the Temple?
Her health said she must liue; her sex dissemble.
She viewd *Leanders* place, and wisht he were
Turnd to his place, so his place were *Leander*.
Aye me (said she) that loues sweet life and sence
Should doe it harme! my loue had not gone hence,
Had he been like his place. O blessed place,
Image of Constancie. Thus my loues grace
Parts no where but it leaues some thing behinde

Hero and Leander.

Worth obseruation : he renownes his kinde.
His motion is like heauens Orbiculer :
For where he once is, he is euer there.
This place was mine : *Leander* now 'tis thine ;
Thou being my selfe, then it is double mine :
Mine, and *Leanders* mine, *Leanders* mine.
O see what wealth it yeelds me, nay yeelds him :
For I am in it, he for me doth swim.
Rich, fruitfull loue, that doubling selfe estates
Elixer-like contracts, though separates.
Deare place I kisse thee, and doe welcome thee,
As from *Leander* euer sent to mee.

The end of the third Sestiad.



THE ARGVMENT OF THE FOVRTH SESTYAD.

*Hero, in sacred habit deckt,
Doth priuate sacrifice effect.
Her Skarfes description wrought by fate,
Ostents, that threaten her estate.
The strange, yet Phisicall euents,
Leanders counterfeit presents.
In thunder, Ciprides descends,
Presaging both the lovers ends.
Acte the Goddesse of remorse,*

Hero and Leander.

*With vocall and articulate force
Inspires Leucote, Venus swan,
T'excuse the beauteous Sestian.
Venus, to wreake her rites abuses,
Creates the monster Eronusis;
Enflaming Heros Sacrifice,
With lightning darted from her eies:
And thereof springs the painted beast;
That euer since taints euerie breast.*

NOW from Leanders place she arose, and found
Her haire and rent robe scattered on the ground:
Which taking vp, she euerie peecé did lay
Vpon an Altar, where in youth of day
She vsde t'exhibite priuate sacrifice:
Those would she offer to the Deities
Of her faire Goddesse, and her powerfull son,
As relicks of her late-felt passion:
And in that holy sort shee vowd to end them,
In hope her violent fancies that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her lonesholy fire,
As they should in the flames she ment t'inspire.
Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That deckt her in her secret sacred deeds:
A crowne of Isickles, that sunne nor fire
Could euer melt, and figur'd chaste desire.
A golden starre shinde in her naked breast,
In honour of the Queene-light of the East.
In her right hand she held a siluer wand,

Hero and Leander.

On whose bright top *Peristera* did stand,
Who was a Nymph, but now transformd a Doue,
And in her life was deare in *Venus* loue:
And for her sake she euer since that time, (clime:
Chusde Doues to draw her coach through heauē's blew
Her plentious haire in curled billowes swims
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious lims
Sustained no more but a most subtile vaile
That hung on them, as it durst not assaile
Their different concord: for the weakest ayre
Could raise it swelling from her beauties fayre:
Nor did it couer, but adbrate onlie
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eie
Might see (as it did shadow) fearfullie,
All that all-loue-deseruing Paradise:
It was as blew as the most freezing skies
Neere the Seas hew, for thence her Goddesse came:
On it a skarfe she wore of wondrous frame;
In midst whereof she wrought a virgins face,
From whose each cheeke a fire bluish did chase
Two crimson flames, that did two waies extend,
Spreading the ample skarte to either end,
Which figur'd the diuision of her minde,
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclinde,
And stood not resolute to wed *Leander*.
This seru'd her white necke for a purple sphere,
And cast it selfe at full breadth downe her backe.

There

Hero and Leander.

There (since the first breath that began the wrack
Of her free quiet from *Leanders* lips)
She wrought a Sea in one flame full of ships:
But that one ship where all her wealth did passe
(Like simple Marchants goods) *Leander* was:
For in that Sea she naked figured him;
Her diuing needle taught him how to swim,
And to each thred did such resemblance giue,
For ioy to be so like him it did liue.

*Things sencelesse liue by arte, and rationall die,
By rude contempt of arte and industrie.*

Scarce could she worke but in her strength of thought,
She feard she prickt *Leander* as she wrought:
And oft would shrieke so, that her Guardian frighted,
Would staring haste, as with some mischief cited.

*They double life that deaath things griefes sustayne:
They kill that feelee not their friendes living payne.*

Sometimes she feard he sought her infamie,
And then as she was working of his eie,
She thought to pricke it out to quench her ill:
But as she prickt, it grew more perfect still.

Trifling attempts no serious acts aduance;

The fire of loue is blowne by dalliance.

In working his faire necke she did so grace it,
She still was working her owne armes t'mbrace it:
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seene
Aboue the streame, and with a pure Sea greene

She

Hero and Leander.

She did so queſtly ſhadow euery lim,
All might be ſeen beneath the waues to ſwim.

In this conceited ſkarfe ſhe wrought beſide
A Moone in change, and ſhuting ſtars did glide
In number after her with bloodie beames,
Which figur'd her affects in their extreames,
Purſuing Nature in her Cynthian bodie,
And did her thoughts running on change implic:
For maids take more delights when they prepare
And thinke of wiues ſtates, than when wiues they are,
Beneath all theſe ſhe wrought a Fiſherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that Ocean;
Who drew ſo hard ye might diſcouer well,
The toughned ſinewes in his necke did ſwell:
His inward ſtraines draue out his blood-shot eies,
And ſprings of ſweate did in his forehead riſe:
Yet was of nought but of a Serpent ſped,
That in his boſome flew and ſtung him dead,
And this by fate into her minde was ſent,
Not wrought by meere inſtin& of her intent.
At the ſkarfs other end her hand did frame,
Neere the forkt point of the diuided flame,
A countrie virgin keeping of a Vine,
Who did of hollow bulruſhes combine
Snares for the ſtubble-louing Graſhopper,
And by her lay her ſkrip that nourish her.
Within a myrtle ſhade ſhe ſate and ſung,

Hero and Leander.

And tufts of wauing reeds about her sprung:
Where lurkt two Foxes, that while she applide
Her trifling mates, their theeueries did deuide;
One to the vine, another to her skrip,
That she did negligently ouerslip:
By which her fruitfull vine and holesome fare,
She suffred spoyld to make a childish snare.
These omenous fancies did her soule expresse,
And euerie finger made a Prophetesse,
To shew what death was hid in loues disguise,
And make her iudgement conquer Destinies.
O what sweet formes faire Ladies soules doe throwd,
Were they made seene & forced through their bloud,
It through their beauties like rich work through lawn,
They would set forth their minds with vertues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers flie,
To still their yas thoughts with industrie:
That their plied wits in numbred silks might sing
Passions huge conquest, and their needels leading
Affection prisoner through their own-built cities,
Pinniond with stories and Arachnean dities.

Proceed we now with *Heros* sacrifice;
She odours burne, and from their smoke did rise
Vnsauorie fumes; that ayre with plagues inspired,
And then the consecrated sticks she fired.
On whose pale flame an angrie spirit flew,
And beate it downe still as it vpward grew.

H

The

Hero and Leander.

The Virgin Tapers that on th'altar stood,
When she inflam'd them burnd as bloud:
All sad ostents of that too neere successe,
That made such mouing beauties motionlesse.
Then *Hero* wept; but her affrighted eies
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice:
Shut them, and inwards for *Leander* lookt,
Searcht her soft bosome, and from thence she pluckt
His louely picture: which when she had viewd,
Her beauties were with all loues ioyes renewd.
The odors sweetned, and the fires burnd cleere,
Leanders forme left no ill obiekt there.
Such was his beautie that the force of light,
Whose knowledg teacheth wonders infinite.
'The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had plaste in it to make it knowne.
Art was her daughter, and what humane wits
For studie lost, intombd in drossie spirits.
After this accident (which for her glorie
Hero could not but make a historie)
Th'inhabitants of *Sestus*, and *Abydus*,
Did euerie yeare with feasts propitious,
To faire *Leanders* picture sacrifice,
And they were persons of especiall prize
That were allowd it, as an ornament
T'enrich their houses; for the continent
Of the strange vertues all approu'd it held:

For

Hero and Leander.

For euen the very looke of it repeld
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
In those diseases that no hearbs could cure.
The wolfe sting of Auarice it would pull,
And make the rankest miser bountifull.
It kild the feare of thunder and of death;
The discords that conceits ingendereth
Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease:
The flames of loue it quencht, and would increase:
Held in a princes hand it would put out
The dreadfulst Comet: it would ease all doubt
Of threatned mischiefes: it would bring asleepe
Such as were mad: it would inforce to weepe
Most barbarous eies: and many more effects
This picture wrought, and sprung *Leandrian* sects,
Of which was *Hero* first: For he whose forme
(Held in her hand) cleerd such a fatall storme,
From hell she thought his person would defend her,
Which night and *Hellepont* would quickly send her.
With this confirmd, she vowd to banish quite
All thought of anie checke to her delite:
And in contempt of sillie bashfulnes,
She would the faith of her desires professe:
Where her Religion should be Policie,
To follow loue with zeale her pietie:
Her chamber her Cathedrall Church should be,
And her *Leander* her chiefe Deitie.

Hero and Leander.

For in her loue these did the Gods forgo ;
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her hart
Did greatest hold in her selfe greatest part,
That she did make her god ; and t'was lesse nought
To leaue gods in profession and in thought,
Than in her loue and life : for therein lies
Most of her duties, and their dignities,
And raile the braine-bald world at what it will ;
Thats the grand Atheisme that raignes in it still.
Yet singularitie she would vse no more,
For she was singular too much before :
But she would please the world with faire pretext ;
Loue would not leaue her conscience perplexed.
Great men that will haue lesse doe for them still,
Must beare them out though th'acts be nere so ill.
Meannes must Pandar be to Excellencie,
Pleasure atones Falshood and Conscience :
Dissembling was the worst (thought *Hera* then)
And that was best now she must liue with men.
O vertuous loue that taught her to doe best,
When she did worst, and when she thought it lest.
Thus would she still proceed in works diuine,
And in her sacred state of priesthood shine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein she did *Joues* thunder hold ;
And need not feare those menaces of error,
Which

Hero and Leander.

Which she at others threw with greatest terror.
O louely *Hero*, nothing is thy sin,
Wayd with those foule faults other Priests are in;
That hauing neither faiths, nor works, nor bewties,
Tengended any scuse for slubberd duties;
With as much countnance fill their holy chayres,
And sweat denouncements gainst prophane affayres,
As if their liues wère cut out by their places,
And they the only fathers of the Graces.

Now as with setled minde she did repaire,
Her thoughts to sacrifice, her rauisht haire
And her torne robe which on the altar lay;
And only for Religions fire did stay;
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In such a volley as the world did threaten,
Giuen *Venus* as she parted th'ayrie sphere,
Discending now to chide with *Hero* here:
When suddenly the Goddesse waggoners,
The Swans and Turtles that in coupled pheres,
Through all worlds bosomes draw her influence,
Lighted in *Heros* window, and from thence
To her fayre shoulders flew the gentle Doues.
Gracefull *Ædon*: that sweet pleasure loues,
And rufffoot *Chrestle* with the tufted crowne,
Both which did kisse her, though their Goddes frowne:
The Swans did in the solid flood her glasse,
Proyne their fayre plumes, of which the fairest was,

Hero and Leander.

Joue-lou'd *Leucote*, that pure brightnes is;
The other bountie-louing *Dapsilis*.
All were in heauen, now they with *Hero* were:
But *Venus* lookes brought wrath, and vrged feare.
Her robe was skarlet, blacke her heads attire,
And through her naked breast shinde streames of fire,
As when the rarefied ayre is driuen
In flashing streames, and opes the darkned heauen.
In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore,
And breaking th' icie wreath sweet *Hero* wore;
She forst about her browes her wreath of yew,
And said, now minion to thy fate be trew,
Though not to me, indure what this protends;
Begin where lightnes will, in shame it ends.
Loue makes thee cunning; thou art currant now,
By being counterfeit: thy broken vow,
Deceit with her pide garters must reioyne,
And with her stampe thou countnances must coyne:
Coynes, and pure deceits for purities,
And still a maid wilt seeme in cofoned eies,
And haue an antike face to laugh within,
While thy smooth lookes make men digest thy sin.
But since thy lips (lest thought forsworne) forswore,
Be neuer virgins vow with trusting more.

When Beauties dearest did her Goddesse heare,
Breathe such rebukes gainst that she could not clear;
Dumbe sorrow spake alowd in teares, and blood

That

Hero and Leander.

That from her grieſe-burſt vaines in piteous flood,
From the ſweet conduits of her ſauor fell:
The gentle Turtles did with moanes make ſwell
Their ſhining gorges: the white black-eyde Swans
Did ſing as wotull Epicedians,
As they would ſtraightwaies die: when pities Queene
The Goddeſſe *Ecce*, that had euer beene
Hid in a watrie cloude neere *Heros* cries,
Since the firſt inſtant of her broken eies,
Gaue bright *Leucote* voice, and made her ſpeake,
To eaſe her anguiſh, whole ſwolne breſt did breake
With anger at her Goddeſſe, that did touch
Hero ſo neere for that ſhe vſde ſo much.
And thruſting her white neck at *Venus*, ſaid;
Why may not amorous *Hero* ſeeme a maid;
Though ſhe be none, as well as you ſuppreſſe
In modeſt cheekes your inward wantonneſſe?
How often haue we drawne you from aboue,
T'exchange with mortals, rites for rites in ioue?
Why in your preiſt then call you that offence
That ſhines in you, and is your influence?
With this the furies ſtopt *Leucotes* lips,
Enioynd by *Venus*; who with Roſie whips
Beate the kind Bird. Fierce lightning from her eies
Did ſet on fire faire *Heros* ſacrifice,
Which was her torne robe, and inforced hayre;
And the bright flame became a maid moſt fayre

Hero and Leander.

For her aspect: her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts all set on fire,
Strugled in pants and could not get releast:
Her armes were all with golden pincers drest,
And twentie fashiond knots, pullies, and brakes,
And all her bodie girdled with painted Snakes,
Her downe parts in a Scorpions taile combine,
Freckled with twentie colours; pyed wings shinde
Out of her shoulders; Cloth had neuer die,
Nor sweeter colours neuer viewed eie,
In scorching *Turkie*, *Carres* *Cartarie*,
Than shinde about this spirit notorious;
Nor was *Arachnes* web so glorious.
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot;
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was *Eronusis*. *Venus* flew
From *Heros* sight, and at her Chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steepe a height,
That all the world she might command with sleight
Of her gay wings: and then she bad her hast,
Since *Hero* had dissembled, and disgrast
Her rites so much, and euery breast infect
With her deceits she made her Architect
Of all dissimulation, and since then
Neuer was any trust in maides nor men.
O it spighted,
Faire *Venus* hart to see her most delighted.

And

Hero and Leander.

And one she chusde for temper of her minde,
To be the only ruler of her kinde,
So soone to let her virgin race be ended ;
Not simplie for the fault a whit offended :
But that in strife for chastnes with the Moone,
Spitetull *Diana* bad her shew but one,
That was her seruant vowed, and liu'd a maid,
And now she thought to answer that vpbraid,
Hero had lost her answer ; who knowes not
Venus would seeme as farre from any spot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
Twixt *Cynthias* browes ; Sin is asham'd of Sin.
Vp *Venus* flew, and scarce durst vp for feare
Of *Phæbes* laughter, when she past her Sphere :
And so most vgly clouded was the light,
That day was hid in day ; night came ere night,
And *Venus* could not through the thick aire pierce,
Till the daies king, god of vndanted verse,
Because she was so plentifull a theame,
To such as wore his Lawrell *Anademe* :
Like to a fire bullet made decent,
And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
That being not throughly rarefide to raine,
Melted like pitch as blew as anie vaine,
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink
Vnder their feruor, and the world did thinke
In euerie drop a torturing Spirit flew,

Hero and Leander.

It pierst so deeply, and it burnd so blew.
Betwixt all this and *Hero*, *Hero* held
Leanders picture as a Persian shield:
And she was free from feare of worst successe;
The more ill threats vs, we suspect the lesse:
As we grow haples, violence subtle growes,
Dumb, deafe, & blind, & comes when no man knowes.
The end of the fourth Sestiad.



THE ARGVMENT OF THE FIFTH SESTYAD.

*Day doubles her accustomed date,
As loth the night; incens'd by fate,
Should wracke our louers; Heros plight,
Longs for Leander, and the night:
Which, ere her thirstie wish recouers,
She sends for two betrothed louers,
And marries them, that (with their crew
Their sports and ceremonies due)
She couertly might celebrate,
With secret ioy her owne estate.
She makes a feast, at which appears
The wilde Nymph Teras, that still beares
An Iuory Lute, tels Omenous tales,
And sings at solemne festiuales.*

NOW was bright *Hero* wearie of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in *Leanders* stay.

Hero and Leander.

Sol, and the soft-foote *Hours* hung on his armes,
And would not let him swim, forcing his harmes:
That day *Aurora* double grace obtainde
Of her loue *Phæbus*; she his Horses rainde,
Set on his golden knee, and as she list
She puld him backe; and as she puld, she kist
To haue him turne to bed; he lou'd her more,
To see the loue *Leander* *Hero* bore,
Examples profit much ten times in one,
In persons full of note, good deedes are done.

Day was so long, men waiking fell asleepe,
The heauie humors that their eies did steepe,
Made them feare mischiefs. The hard streets were beds
For couetous churles, and for ambitious heads,
That spight of Nature would their busines plic.
All thought they had the falling *Epilepsie*,
Men groueld so vpon the smotherd ground,
And pittie did the hart of heauen confound.
The Gods, the Graces, and the Muses came
Downe to the Destinies, to stay the frame
Of the true louers deaths, and all worlds teares:
But death before had stopt their cruell eares.
All the Celestials parted mourning then,
Pierst with our humane miseries more then men.
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischiefe fill,
But want of feeling one anothers ill.

With their descent the day grew something faire,

Hero and Leander.

And cast a brighter robe vpon the ayre.
Hero to shorten time with merriment,
For yong *Alcmane*, and bright *Mya* sent,
Two louers that had long crau'd mariage dues
At *Heros* hands: but she did still refuse,
For louely *Mya* was her consort vowd
In her maide state, and therefore not allowd
To amorous Nuptials: yet faire *Hero* now
Intended to dispence with her cold yow,
Since hers was broken, and to marrie her:
The rites would pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.
They came; sweet Musick viherd th' odorous way,
And wanton Ayre in twentie sweet forms danst
After her fingers; Beautie and Loue aduanst
Their ensignes in the downles rosie faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all these, *Hero* made a friendly feast,
Welcomd them kindly, did much loue protest,
Winning their harts with all the meanes she might,
That when her fault should chance t' abide the light,
Their loues might couer or extenuate it,
And high in her worst fate make pittie sit.

She married them, and in the banquet came
Borne by the virgins: *Hero* stru'd to frame
Her thoughts to mirth. Aye me, but hard it is
To imitate a false and forced blis.

Hero and Leander.

Ill may a sad minde forge a merrie face,
Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.
Then laid she wine on cares to make them sinke;
*U*ho feares the threats of fortune, let him drinke.

To these quicke Nuptials entred suddenly,
Admired *Teras* with the Ebon Thye,
A Nymph that haunted the Greene *Sestian* groues,
And would consort soft virgins in their loues,
At gay some Triumphs, and on solemne daies,
Singing prophetike Elegies and Layes:
And fingring of a siluer Lute she tide,
With blacke and purple skarfs by her left side.
Apollo gaue it, and her skill withall,
And she was term'd his Dwarfe she was so small.
Yet great in vertue, for his beames enlosde
His vertues in her: neuer was proposde
Riddle to her, or Augurie, strange or new,
But she resolud it: neuer sleight tale flew
From her charmd lips, without important sence,
Shewne in some graue succeeding consequence.

This little Siluane with her songs and tales,
Gaue such estate to feasts and Nuptials,
That though oft times she forewent Tragedies,
Yet for her strangenes still she pleasde their eies,
And for her smalnes they admir'd her so,
They thought her perfect borne and could not grow
Alleies were on her: *Hero* did commaund

Hero and Leander.

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All eies were on her: *Hero* did commaund

Hero and Leander.

An Altar deckt with sacred state should stand,
At the Feasts vpper end close by the Bride,
On which the pretie Nymph might sit beside.
Then all were silent; euerie one so heares,
As all their senses climbd into their eares:
And first this amorous tale that fitted well,
Faire *Hero* and the Nuptials she did tell:

The tale of Teras.

Hymen that now is god of Nuptiall rites,
And crownes with honour loue and his delights,
Of *Athens* was a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the femall race:
Such quickning brightnes did his cleere eies dart,
Warne went their beames to his beholders hart.
In such pure leagues his beauties were combinde,
That there your Nuptiall contacts first were signde.
For as proportion, white, and crimfine, meet
In Beauties mixture, all right cleere, and sweet
The eie responsible, the golden haire,
And none is held without the other, faire:
All spring together, all together fade;
Such intermixt affections should inuade
Two perfect louers: which being yet vnscene,
Their vertues and their comforts copied been,
In Beauties concord, subiect to the eie;
And that, in *Hymen*, please so matchlessly,
That louers were esteemde in their full grace,

Like

Hero and Leander.

Like forme and colour mixt in *Hymen's* face;
And such sweet concord was thought worthie then
Of torches, musicke, feasts, and greatest men;
So *Hymen* lookt, that euen the chasteft minde
He mou'd to ioyne in ioyes of sacred kinde:
For onely now his chins first doune consoorted
His heads rich fleece, in golden curls contorted;
And as he was so lou'd, he lou'd so too,
So should best bewties, bound by Nuptials doo.

Bright *Eucharis*, who was by all men saide
The noblest, fairest, and the richest maide,
Of all th' *Athenian* damzels, *Hymen* lou'd;
With such transmission, that his heart remou'd
From his white brest to hers, but her estate
In passing his, was so interminate
For wealth and honor, that his loue durst feed
On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requitall, the grand prise of loue;
Nor could he heare or see but he must proue
How his rare bewties musicke would agree
With maids in consort: therefore robbed he
His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,
And clad in such attire, as Virgins wore,
He kept them companie, and might right well,
For he did all but *Eucharis* excell
In all the faire of Bewtie: yet he wanted
Vertue to make his owne desires implanted

Hero and Leander.

In his deare *Eucharis*, for women neuer
Loue beautie in their sex, but enuie euer.
His iudgement yet (that durst not suite addresse,
Nor past due meanes, presunie of due successe)
Reason gat fortune in the end to speede
To his best prayes : but strange it seemed indeede,
That fortune should a chaste affection blesse,
Preferment seldome graceth bashfulnesse.
Nor graste it *Hymen* yet ; but many a dart
And many an amorous thought enthrald his hart,
Ere he obtained her ; and he sick became,
Forst to abstaine her sight, and then the flame
Rag'd in his bosome. O what grieve did fill him :
Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him.
The virgins wondred where *Dietia* stayd,
For so did *Hymen* terme himsele a mayd,
At length with sickly lookes he greeted them :
T'is strange to see gainst what an extreame streame
A louer striues ; poore *Hymen* lookt so ill,
That as in merit he increased still,
By suffering much, so he in grace decreast.
Women are most wonne when men merit least :
If merit looke not well, loue bids stand by,
Loues speciall lesson is to please the eye.
And *Hymen* soone recouering all he lost,
Deceiuing still these maids, but himsele most.
His loue and he with many virgin dames,

Noble

Hero and Leander.

Noble by birth, noble by beauties flames,
Leauing the towne with songs and hallowed lights,
To doe great *Ceres Eleusina* rites
Of zealous Sacrifice; were made a pray
To barbarous Routers that in ambush lay,
And with rude hands enforst their shining spoile,
Farre from the darkned Citie, tir'd with toile.
And when the yellow issue of the skie
Came trouping forth, ielous of crueltie,
To their bright fellowes of this vnder heauen,
Into a double night they saw them driuen,
A horride Caue, the theeues black mansion,
Where wearie of the iourney they had gon,
Their last nights watch, & drunk with their sweet gains,
Dull *Morpheus* entred, laden with silken chains,
Stronger then yron, and bound the swelling vaines
And tyred sences of these lawles Swaines.
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burnd;
O what a hell was heauen in! how they mournd
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow! Golden stormes
Fell from their eies: As wen the Sunne appeares,
And yet it raines, so hewd their eyes their teares.
And as when funerall dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What paines he felt, how long in paine he lay,
How little food he eate, what he would say;

Hero and Leander.

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And

Hero and Leander.

And then mixe mournfull tales of others deaths,
Smothering theselues in clouds of their owne breaths,
At length, one cheering other, call for wine,
The golden boale drinks teares out of their eie,
As they drinke wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieue their woes:
So cast these virgins beauties mutuall raies,
One lights another, face the face displaies;
Lips by reflexion kist, and hands hands shooke,
Euen by the whitenes each of other tooke.

But *Hymen* now vsde friendly *Morphius* aide,
Siew euery theefe, and rescude euery maide.
And now did his enamourd passion take
Hart from his harty deed, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous *Eucharis* more strong;
And now came *Loue* with *Proteus*, who had long
Iuggl'd the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win *Loues* stay with him, and make him loue him:
And whē he saw no strength of sleight could moue him
To make him loue, or stay, he nimbly turnd
Into *Loues* selfe, he so extreameely burnd.
And thus came *Loue* with *Proteus* and his powre,
T'encounter *Eucharis*: first like the flowre
That *Junos* milke did spring the siluer Lillie,
He fell on *Hymens* hand, who straight did spie
The bounteous Godhead, and with wondrous ioy
Offered

Hero and Leander.

Offered it *Eucharis*. She wondrous coy
Drew back her hand : the subtle flower did woo it,
And drawing it neere, mixt so you could not know it.
As two cleere Tapers mixe in one their light,
So did the Lillie and the hand their white :
She viewd it, and her view the forme bestowes
Amongst her spirits : for as colour flowes
From superficies of each thing we see,
Euen so with colours formes emitted bee :
And where Loues forme is, loue is, loue is forme ;
He entred at the eye, his sacred storme
Rose from the hand, loues sweetest instrument :
It stird her bloods sea so, that high it went,
And beat in bashfull waues gainst the white shore
Of her diuided cheekes ; it rag'd the more,
Because the tide went gainst the haughtie winde
Of her estate and birth : And as we finde
In fainting ebs, the flowrie Zephire hurles
The greene-hayrd *Hellepont*, broke in siluer curles
Gainst *Heros* towre : but in his blasts retreat,
The waues Obeying him, they after beate,
Leauing the chalkie shore a great way pale,
Then moyst it freshly with another gale :
So ebd and flood in *Eucharis* face,
Coynesse and Loue striu'd which had greatest grace,
Virginitie did fight on Coynesse side ;
Feare of her parents frownes, and semall pride,

Hero and Leander.

Lothing the lower place, more then it loues
The high contents, desert and vertue moues.
With loue fought *Hymens* beautie and his valure,
Which scarce could so much fauour yet allure
To come to strike, but fameles idle stood,
Action is fire & valours soueraigne good.

But Loue once entred, wisht no greater aid
Then he could find within; thought, thought betraid,
The bribde, but incorrupted Garrison,
Sung *Jo Hymen*; there those songs begun,
And Loue was growne so rich with such a gaine,
And wanton with the ease of his free raigne,
That he would turne into her roughest frownes
To turne them out; and thus he *Hymen* crownes
King of his thoughts, mans greatest Emperie:
This was his first braue step to deitie.

Home to the mourning citie they repayre,
With newes as holefome as the morning ayre,
To the sad parents of each saued maid:
But *Hymen* and his *Eucharis* had laid
This plat, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the Moone at full, and full as bright.

Because the parents of chaste *Eucharis*
Exceeding *Hymens* so, might crosse their blis;
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot assist with force: so when they saw
Their daughter safe, take vantage of their owne,
Praise

Hero and Leander.

Praise *Hymens* valour much, nothing hestowne,
Hymen must leaue the virgins in a Groue
Farre off from *Athens*, and go first to proue
If to restore them all with fame and life,
He should enioy his dearest as his wife.
This told to all the maids; the most agree,
The riper sort knowing what t'is to bee
The first mouth of a newes so farre deriu'd,
And that to heare and beare newes braue folks liu'd,
As being a carriage speciall hard to beare,
Occurrents, these occurrents being so deare,
They did with grace protest, they were content
T'accoost their friends with all their complement,
For *Hymens* good: but to incurre their harme,
There he must pardon them. This wit went warme
To *Adoleshes* braine, a Nymph borne hie,
Made all of voice and fire, that vpwards flie:
Her heart and all her forces neither traine,
Climbd to her tongue, and thither fell her braine,
Since it could goe no higher: and it must go,
All powers she had, euen her tongue did so.
In spirit and quicknes she much ioy did take,
And lou'd her tongue, only for quicknes sake,
And she would haſt and tell. The rest all stay,
Hymen goes on; the Nymph another way:
And what became of her ile tell at last:
Yet take her visage now: moyſt lipt, long faſt,

Hero and Leander.

Thin likan iron wedge, so sharpe and tart,
As t were of purpose made to cleave *Loves* hart.
Well were this louely Beautie rid of her,
And *Hymen* did at *Athens* now prefer
His welcome suite, which he with ioy aspired:
A hundred princely youths with him retirde
To fetch th Nymphes: Chariots and musick went,
And home they came: heauen with applauses rent.
The Nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the towne,
Fresh in their ioyes might doe them most renowne.
First gold-lockt *Hymen* did to Church repaire,
Like a quick offering burnd in flames of haire.
And after, with a virgin firmament,
The Godhead-prouing Bride, attended went
Before them all, she lookt in her commaund,
As if forme-giuing *Cyprias* siluer hand
Gripte all their beauties, and crulht out one flame,
She blusht to see how beautie ouercame
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
Fiue louely children deckt with ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing Torches by,
For light was held a happie Augurie
Of generation, whose efficient right
Is nothing else but to produce to light.
The od disparent number they did chuse,
To shew the vnion married loues should vse,
Since in two equall parts it will not seuer,

But

Hero and Leander.

But the midst holds one to reioyne it euer,
As common to both parts : men therefore deeme,
That equall number Gods doe not esteeme,
Being authors of sweet peace and vnitie,
But pleasing to th'infernall Emperie,
Vnder whose ensignes Wars and Discords fight,
Since an euen number you may disunite
In two parts equall, nought in middle left,
To reunite each part from other rest:
And fiae they hold in most especiall prise,
Since t'is the first od number that doth rise
From the two formost numbers vnitie
That od and euen are; which are two and three,
For one no number is: but thence doth flow
The powerfull race of number. Next did go
A noble Matron that did spinning beare
A huswiues rock and spindle, and did weare
A Weathers skin, with all the snowy flecce,
To intimate that euen the daintiest peece,
And noblest borne dame should industrious bee,
That which does good, disgraceth no degree.

And now to *Junos* Temple they are come,
Where her graue Priest stood in the mariage rone.
On his right arme did hang a skarlet vaile,
And from his shoulders to the ground did traile
On either side, Ribands of white and blew;
With the red vaile he hid the bashfull hew.

Hero and Leander.

Of the chaste Bride, to shew the modest shame,
In cupling with a man should grace a dame.
Then tooke he the disparent Silks, and tide
The louers by the waists, and side to side,
In token that thereafter they must binde
In one selfe sacred knot each other minde.
Before them on an Altar he presented
Both fire and water: which was first inuented,
Since to ingenerate euery humane creature,
And euery other birth produſt by Nature,
Moysture and heat must mixe: so man and wife
For humane race must ioyne in Nuptiall life.
Then one of *Junos* Birds, the pained lay,
He sacrificde, and tooke the gall away.
All which he did behinde the Altar throw,
In signe no bitternesse of hate should grow
Twixt married loues, nor any least disdain.
Nothing they spake, for t'was esteemd too plaine
For the most filken mildnes of a maid,
To let a publike audience heare it said
She boldly tooke the man: and so respected
Was bashfulnes in *Athens*: it erected
To chaste *Agneia*, which is Shamefastnesse,
A sacred Temple, holding her a Goddesse.
And now to Feasts, Masks, and triumphant shewes,
The shining troupes returnd, euen till earth throwes
Brought forth with ioy the thickest part of night,
When

Hero and Leander.

When the sweet Nuptiall song that vsde to cite
All to their rest, was by *Phemonor* sung:
First *Delphian* Prophetesse, whose graces sprung
Out of the *Muses* well she sung before
The Bride into her chamber: at which dore
A Matron and a Torch-bearer did stand,
A painted box of Confits in her hand
The Matron held, and so did other some
That compast round the honourd Nuptiall roome.
The custome was that euerie maid did weare,
During her maidenhead; a silken Sphere
About her waste, about her inmost weede,
Knit with *Minervas* knot, and that was freed
By the faire Bridegrome on the mariage night,
With many ceremonies of delight:
And yet eternisde *Hymens* tender Bride,
To suffer it dissolud so sweetly cride.
The maids that heard, so lou'd, and did adore her,
They wisht with all their hearts to suffer for her.
So had the Matrons, that with Confits stood
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,
And so true feeling of her harmeles paines,
That euerie one a showre of Confits raines.
For which the Bride youths scrambling on the ground,
In noyse of that sweet haile their cries were drownd.
And thus blest *Hymen* ioyde his gracious Bride,
And for his ioy was after deicide.

Hero and Leander.

The Saffron myrror by which *Phæbus* loue,
Greene *Tellus* decks her, now he held aboue
The clowdie mountaines: and the noble maide,
Sharp-visag'd *Adolesche*, that was straide
Out of her way, in hasting with her newes,
Not till his houre th' *Athenian* turrets viewes,
And now brought home by guides: she heard by all
That her long kept occurrents would be stale,
And how fayre *Hymens* honours did excell
For those rare newes, which she came short to tell.
To heare her deare tongue robd of such a ioy,
Made the well-spoken Nymph take such a toy,
That downe she funke: when lightning from aboue,
Shrunke her leane bodie, and for meere free loue,
Turnd into the pied-plum'd *Psittacus*,
That now the Parrat is surnam'd by vs,
Who still with counterfeit confusion prates,
Nought but newes common to the commonst mates.
This tolde, strange *Teras* toucht her Lute and sung
This dittie, that the Torchie euening sprung.

Epithalaminon Teratos.

Come come deare night, loues Mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitfull summer of his blisses,
Loues glory doth in darknes shine.
O come soft rest of Cares, come night,

Come

Hero and Leander.

Come naked vertues only tire,
The reaped haruest of the light,
Bound vp in sheaues of sacred fire.

*Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his Alarmes,
Lips his swords are,
The field his Armes.*

Come Night and lay thy veluet hand
On glorious Dayes outfacing face;
And all thy crowned flames command,
For Torches to our Nuptiall grace.

*Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his Alarmes,
Lips his swords are,
The field his Armes.*

No neede haue we of factious Day,
To cast in enuie of thy peace,
Her bals of Discord in thy way:
Here beauties day doth neuer cease,
Day is abstracted here,
And varied in a triple sphere.

Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here let *Thetis* thrice refine thee.

*Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his Alarmes,
Lips his swords are,
The field his Armes.*

Hero and Leander.

The Euening starre I see,
Rise youths the Euening starre,
Helps Loue to summon warre,
Both now imbracing bee.
Rise youths, loues right claims more the banquets, rise.
Now the bright Marygolds that deckt the skies,
Phæbus celettiall flowrs, that (contrarie
To his flowers here) ope when he shuts his eie,
And shuts when he doth open, crowne your sports:
Now loue in night, and night in loue exhorts
Courtship and Dances: All your parts employ,
And suite nights rich expanse with your ioy,
Loue paints his longings in sweet virgins eies:
Rise youths, loues right claims more the banquets, rise.
Rise virgins, let fayre Nuptiall loues enfold
Your fruitles breasts: the maidenheads ye holde
Are not your owne alone, but parted are,
Part in disposing them your Parents share,
And that a third part is: so must ye saue
Your loues a third, and you your thirds must haue.
Loue paints his longings in sweete virgins eies:
Rise youths, loues right claims more the banquets, rise.
Herewith the amorous spirit that was so kinde
To *Teras* haire, and combd it downe with winde,
Still as it Comet-like brake from her braine,
Would needs haue *Teras* gone, and did refraine
To blow it downe: which staring vp, dismayd

The

Hero and Leander.

The timorous feast, and she no longer staid:
But bowing to the Bridegrome and the Bride,
Did like a shooting exhalation glide
Out of their sights: the turning of her back
Made them all shrieke, it lookt so ghastly black.
O haples *Hero*, that most haples clowde
Thy soone-succeeding Tragedie foreshowde.
Thus all the Nuptiall crew to ioyes depart,
But much-rong *Hero*, stood Hels blackest dart:
Whose wound because, I grieue so to display,
I vse digressions thus t'encrease the day.

The end of the fifth Sestiad.



THE ARGVMENT OF THE SIXTH SESTYAD.

*Leucote flies to all the windes,
And from the fates their outrage blindes,
That Hero and her loue may meete.
Leander (with Loues compleate Fleece
Mand in himselfe) puts forth to Seas,
When straight the ruthles Destinies,
With Arte stirre the windes to warre
Vpon the Hellespont: Their iarre
Drownespoore Leander. Heros eyes
Wet witnesses of his surprise
Her Torch blowne out: Griefe casts her downe
Vpon her loue, and both doth drowne.*

Hero and Leander.

*In whose iust ruth the God of Seas,
Transformes them to th' Acanthides.*

NO longer could the day nor Destinies
Delay the night, who now did frowning rise
Into her Throne; and at her humorous breasts,
Visions and Dreames lay sucking: all mens rests
Fell like the mists of death vpon their eies,
Daies too long darts so kild their faculties.
The windes yet, like the flowrs to cease began:
For bright *Leucote*, *Venus* whitest Swan,
That held sweete *Hero* deare, spread her faire wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings
From *Venus* to the fates, t'entreate them lay
Their charge vpon the windes their rage to stay,
That the sterne battaile of the Seas might cease,
And guard *Leander* to his loue in peace.
The Fates consent, (aye me dissembling Fates)
They shewd their fauors to conceale their hates,
And draw *Leander* on, least Seas too hie
Should stay his too obsequious Destinie:
Who like a fleering flauish Parasite,
In wharping profit or a traiterous sleight,
Hoopes round his rotten bodie with deuotes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes,
Praising with open throte (and othes as fowle
As his false heart) the beautie of an Owle,
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,

That

Hero and Leander.

That cannot leaue, but leapes vpon his lips
Lkie a cock-sparrow, or a shameles queane
Sharp at a red-lipt youth, and nought doth meane
Of all his antick shewes, but doth repaire
More tender fawnes, and takes a scattred hayre
From his tame subiects shoulder, whips, and cals
For euerie thing he lacks; creeps gainst the wals
With backward humbleffe, to giue needles way:
Thus his false fate did with *Leander* play.

First to blacke *Eurus* flies the white *Leucote*,
Borne amongst the *Negros* in the *Leuant* Sea,
On whose curled head the glowing Sun doth rise,
And shewes the soueraigne will of Destinies,
To haue him cease his blasts, and downe he lies. }
Next, to the fennie *Notus*, course she holds,
And found him leaning with his armes in folds
Vpon a rocke, his white hayre full of showres,
And him she chargeth by the fatall powres,
To hold in his wet cheekes his clowdie voyce,
To *Zephire* then that doth in flowers reioyce,
To snake-foote *Boreas* next she did remoue,
And found him tossing of his rauisht loue,
To heate his frostie bosome hid in snow,
Who with *Leucotes* fight did cease to blow.
Thus all were still to *Heros* hearts desire,
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire
Of flaming Gummes, and comfortable Spice,

Hero and Leander.

To light her Torch, which in such curious price
She held, being obiect to *Leanders* sight,
That nought but fires perfum'd must giue it light.
She lou'd it so, she grieu'd to see it burne,
Since it would wast and soone to ashes turne:
Yet if it burnd not, 't were not worth her eyes,
What made it nothing, gaue it all the prize.
Sweet Torch, True Glasse of our societie;
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?
But thou wert lou'd for good, held high, giuen show:
Poore vertue loth'd for good, obscur'd, held low.
Doe good be pinde, be deedles good, disgrast:
Vnles we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet *Hero* with these thoughts her Torch did spend,
When Bees makes waxe, Nature doth not intend
It shall be made a Torch: but we that know
The proper vertue of it make it so,
And when 'tis made we light it: nor did Nature
Propose, on life to maids, but each such creature
Makes by her soule the best of her true state,
Which without loue is rude, disconsolate,
And wants loues fire to make it mild and bright,
Till when, maids are but Torches wanting light.
Thus gainst our grieve, not cause of grieve we fight,
The right of nought is gleande, but the delight.
Vp went she, but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended.

She

Hero and Leander.

She was the rule of wishes, summe and end
For all the parts that did on loue depend:
Yet cast the Torch his brightnes further forth;
But what shines neereſt beſt, holds trueſt worth.

Leander did not through ſuch tempeſts ſwim
To kiſſe the Torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powers in her deſires awaked,
Her loue and vertues cloth'd him richly naked.
Men kiſſe but fire that only ſhewes purſue,
Her Torch and *Hero*, figure, ſhew, and vertue.

Now at oppoſite *Abydos* nought was heard,
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slaine for the Nuptials, cracks of falling woods,
Blowes of broad axes, powrings out of floods.
The guiltie *Helleſpont* was mixt and ſtainde
With bloodie torrent, that the ſhambles rainde;
Not arguments of feaſt, but ſhewes that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followed.
More blood was ſpilt, more honors were addreſt,
'Then could haue graced any happy feaſt.
Rich banquets, triumphs, euery pomp emploies,
His ſumptuous hand: no miſers Nuptiall ioies,
Ayre felt continuall thunder with the noyle,
Made in the generall marriage violence:
And no man knew the cauſe of this expence,
But the two haples Lords, *Leanders* Sire,
And poore *Leander*, pooreſt where the fire

Hero and Leander.

Of credulous loue made him most rich surmise,
As short was he of that himselfe he prisde,
As is an emptie Gallant full of forme,
That thinks each looke an act each drop a storme,
That fals from his braue breathings; most brought vp
In our *Metropolis*, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts; and much Palme beares,
For his rare iudgement in th' attire he weares,
Hath seene the hot Low Countries, not their heat,
Obserues their rampires and their buildings yet.
And for your sweete discourse with mouthes is heard,
Giuing instructions with his very beard,
Hath gone with an Ambassadour, and been
A great mans mate in trauailing, euen to *Rhene*,
And then puts all his worth in such a face,
As he saw braue men make, and strives for grace
To get his newes forth; as when you descric
A ship with all her sayle contends to flie
Out of the narrow Thames with windes vnapt,
Now crosseth here, then there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reacht; then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall
Of halfe a burdbolts shoote; keeping more coyle,
Then if she danst vpon the Oceans toyle:
So serious is his trifling companie,
In all his swelling ship of vacantrie.
And so short of himselfe in his high thought,

Was

Hero and Leander.

Was our *Leander* in his fortunes brought,
And in his fort of loue that he thought won,
But otherwise, he skornes compariton.

O sweet *Leander*, thy large worth I hide
In a short graue; ill fauourd stormes must chide
Thy sacred fauour; I, in floods of inck
Must drown thy graces, which white papers drin
Euen as thy beauties did the foule black Seas:
I must describe the hell of thy disease,
That heauen did merit: yet I needes must see
Our painted fooles and cockhorse Pessantrie
Still still vsurpe, with long liues, loues, and lust,
The seates of vertue, cutting short as dust
Her deare bought issue; ill, to worse conuertrs,
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.

Night close and silent now goes fast before
The Captaines and souldiers to the shore,
On whom attended the appointed Fleete
At *Sestus* Bay, that should *Leander* meete.
Who fainde he in another ship would passe:
Which must not be, for no one meane there was
To get his loue home, but the course he tooke.
Forth did his beautie for his beautie looke,
And saw her through her Torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the Sunne a face of gold,
Form'd in strong thoughts, by that traditions force,
That saies a God sits there and guides his course.

Hero and Leander.

His sister was with him, to whom he shewd
His guide by Sea: and said, oft haue you viewd
In one heauen many starres, but neuer yet
In one starre many heauens till now were met.
See louely sister, see, now *Hero* shines
No heauen but her appears: each star repines,
And all are clad in cloudes, as if they mournd,
To be by influence of earth out-burnd.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth vertues traine,
Still to be constant in Hels blackest raigne:
Thor gh euen the gods theselues do so entreate them
As they did hate, and earth as she would eate them.

Off went his silken robe, and in he leapt;
Whom the kinde waues so licorously cleapt,
Thickning for haste one in another so,
To kisse his skin, that he might almost go
To *Heros* Towre, had that kind minuit lasted.
But now the cruell fates with *Ate* hasted
To all the windes, and made them battaile fight
Vpon the *Hellespont*, for eithers right
Pretended to the windie Monarchie.
And forth they brake, the Seas mixt with the skie,
And tost distrest *Leander*, being in hell,
As high as heauen; Blisse not in height doth dwell.
The Destinies fate dancing on the waues,
To see the glorious windes with mutuall braues
Consume each other: O true glasse to see,

How

Hero and Leander.

How ruinous ambitious Statists bee
To their owne glories ! Poore *Leander* cried
For help to Sea-borne *Venus* ; she denied
To *Boreas*, that for his *Attheas* sake,
He would some pittie on his *Hero* take,
And for his owne loues sake, on his desires:
But Glorie neuer blowes cold Pitties fires.
Then calde he *Neptune*, who through all the noise,
Knew with affright his wrackt *Leanders* voice :
And vp he rose, for hast his forehead hit
Gainst heauens hard Christal, his proud waues he smit
With his fork't scepter, that could not obey,
Much greater powers then *Neptunes* gaue them sway,
They lou'd *Leander* so, in grones they brake
When they came neere him ; and such space did take
Twixt one another, loth to issue on,
That in their shallow furrowes earth was shewne,
And the poore louer tooke a little breath :
But the curst Fates fate spinning of his death
On euerie waue, and with the seruile windes
Tumbled them on him : And now *Hero* findes
By that she felt her deare *Leanders* state,
She wept and praied for him to euerie fate,
And euerie winde that whipt her with her haire
About the face, she kist and spake it faire,
Kneeld to it, gaue it drinke out of her eyes
To quench his thirst. but still their cruelties

Hero and Leander.

Euen her poore Torch enuied, and rudely beate
The bating flame from that deare foode it eate:
Deare, for it nourisht her *Leanders* life,
Which with her robe she rescude from their strife:
But silke too soft was, such hard hearts to breake,
And she deare soule, euen as her silke, faint, weake,
Could not preferue it: out, O out it went.

Leander still cald *Neptune*, that now rent
His brackish curles, and tore his wrinkled face
Where teares in billowes did each other chase,
And (burst with ruth) hee hurld his marble mace }
At the sterne Fates, it wounded *Lachesis*
That drew *Leanders* thread, and could not misse
The thread it selfe, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full and quite did sunder it.

The more kinde *Neptune* rag'd, the more he raste
His loues liues fort, and kild as he embrace.
Anger doth still his owne mishape encrease;
If any comfort liue, it is in peace.

O the euill Fates, to let Blood, Flesh, and Sence, }
Build two faire Temples for their excellence, }
To rob it with a poysoned influence.

Though soules gifts starue, the bodies are held deare
In vgliest things; Sence-sport preserues a Beare.
But here nought serues our turnes; O heauen & earth,
How most most wretched is our humane birth?

And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing

Hero and Leander.

Knowing there was a storme in *Heros* hart,
Greater then they could make, and skorned their smart,
She bowd her selfe so low out of her Towre,
That wonder t'was she fell not ere her howre,
With searching the lamenting waues for him;
Like a poore Snayle, her gentle supple lim^e
Hung on her Turrets top so most downe right,
As she would diue beneath the darknes quite,
To finde her Iewell; Iewell, her *Leander*,
A name of all earths Iewels please not her,
Like his deare name; *Leander*, still my choice,
Come nought but my *Leander*; O my voice
Turne to *Leander*: hence-forth be all sounds,
Accents, and phrased that shew all griefes wounds,
Analysde in *Leander*. O black change!
Trumpets doe you with thunder of your clange,
Drive out this changes horror, my voice faints:
Where all ioy was, now shricke out all complaints.
Thus cried she, for her mixed soule could tell
Her loue was dead: And when the morning fell
Prostrate vpon the weeping earth for woe,
Blushes that bled out of her cheekes did show,
Leander brought by *Neptune*, brusde and torne,
With Cities ruines he to Rocks had worne,
To filthie vsfering Rocks that would haue blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She saw him, and the sight was much much more,

Hero and Leander.

Then might haue seru'd to kill her; should her store
Of giant sorrowes speake? Burst, die, bleede,
And leaue poore plants to vs that shall succede,
She fell on her loues bo some, hugg'd it fast,
And with *Leanders* name she breath'd her last.

Neptune for pittie in his armes did take them,
Flung them into the ayre, and did awake them,
Like two sweet birds surnam'd th' *Acanthides*,
Which we call Thistle-warps, that neere no Seas doe
Dare euer come, but still in couples flie,
And feede on Thistle tops, to testifie
The hardnes of their first life in their last:
The first in thornes of loue, that sorrowes past,
And so most beautifull their colours show,
As none (so little) like them: her sad brow
A sable velvet feather covers quite,
Even like the forehead cloth that in the night,
Or when they sorrow, Ladies vnde to weare:
Their wings, blew, red and yellow mixt appeare,
Colours, that as we construe colours paint
Their states to life, the yellow shewes their faint, flow
The daimie *Venus* left them blew, their truth,
The red and black ensignes of death and ruth.
And this true honor from their loue death sprung,
They were the first that euer Poet sung.

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